

Donavon Frankenreiter

"My Niggaz"

Visit "[My Niggaz](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

(Chorus)

Stop, stop, everybody what's that sound?
Ak-47, so you better hit the ground
Stop, stop, everybody what's that sound?
Ak-47, nigga get the fuck down!

(L-Burna)

Have you kicked it with this thug lately?
Well, if not, you need to try,
Baby, look deep into my mind, and you could find just
what the game made me
Rough and rugged, come get this thuggish ruggish
rush
Get a taste of what these bitches just can't touch
And I be the number one assassin, second to none and
steadily blastin'
All of my niggas that know me ain't askin' what I be
doin' to get this cash
And ?? went out of fashion ?? to get you laid down
This St. Clair thugsta Bone
So all of them niggas that's flossin' the industry
We put one thru your dome
Nigga, here I go again, thuggish ruggish in the Benz
Bitches love me with these ends
Braids blowin' off in the wind
Tossin' forties out the windows with the top dropped,
and my glock cocked
Little nigga, that block made hot, and i'm that nigga
that blew the spot
Double nine to the 2 tripple zero, millenium hero
Nigga, I stay right with my people, 'cause these wicked
ass streets be lethal
Niggas is see thru, they transparent, they ghost writin'
'Cause a nigga like me, i'm tired
Keep a good reach up on my pile day and night
It's about that business, nigga, get checked, respect
what's mine
Any you niggas cross the gunline, you can bet that ass
is mine
Nigga, we done sold 30 million plus, who fuckin' with
that?

Nigga, wanna test me and what I represent, i'll fuck you
with a rap
That's why I be tuckin' my strap up under my lap when I
get my creep on
Reason I stress this shit in each song,
'Cause I mean it when i'm screamin' murda
Have you ever heard of a nigga that went and got it?
Got a glock, then really shot it, mothafuckas that's bout
it bout it
Little young niggas that's doin' they thing
True of game, are Thug Emortalz
Nigga, don't make me have to force my hand and body
'round your torso
But of course, hold no remorse for enemies or
advasaries
It be body bags and caskets, skull and bones and
cemetaries

(Chorus)4x

Stop, stop, everybody what's that sound?
Ak-47, so you better hit the ground

Visit [Donavon Frankenreiter](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.